

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

For The Tribune.

THE SIEGE OF HOME.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE MELLOW sunsets that with rapture fill Claude's young disciples on the Pindian Hill! (1)

No more are watched with meditative gaze,
As mello their gold is in twilight's purple haze,
Drowned is the Pine's low whisper by the roar
Artillery peaks like billows on the shore,

And the soft chorus of the serenade

Yells to th' cheer that manes the barricade;

The moon's commanding light that sweeps tell

On trellised vine and fir's quiet cell,

Kerviles dead heroes, whose cold faces still

Wear the stern smile that proves unconquered will;

The lotty cypresses of Mario's light;

Like conchoid movements, great the aching sight,

For bayons gleam from bulwarks heaped about,

And in their shadow bivouac the foe!

No organ's tone or nimb's rich voice beguile

The moaning stranger in Saint Peter's aisle,

But its vast concave echoes back the sound

Of booming canons from the plains around—

Those hollowed plains, whose solitude the eye

Of wandering artist mortal to destroy;

Where fragrant arch and bending cloud

Partid each tongue profane to blithe sound;

Where, if a passing footfall hovered high,

The frightened lizard scuttled glided;

Where 's Nature's beauty, in that fertile clime,

Pauled, as if new struck at the wrecks of Time,

And spread for ruthless than a neutral ground,

With solemn hills and holly silence round,

To check, with thought, the warrior's zeal,

And bid him Life's departed spirit feel?

Vain lesson for that sanguineous race,

For whom the earth contains no sacred place!

Who, when he reaches hour, with mendicant care

Torture a woman, and a marble spark, (2)

And now, in Freedom's council may be seen

Crowing Napoleon, scorning Lamartine;

With "Free Republic" on their banner wrought,

Crusade against her, though with valor bought,

Rome's peaceful haunts and reverent air!

Make waste and lard with the battle's glare, [ball]

Through Faith's own temple sped; the crushing

And shroud Art's trophies with Destruction's pall!

Chivalric French! the murderous hounds to hurl

And wound a child or kill a sleeping girl, (3)

Shake the lone painter's easel, till no more

His eager hand the canvas may explore;

Make drear the villa's paths of odious gloom,

Where lex twines and tapers glow;

Bid your brave riders from their massive steeds

Show patriots down the instant they are sent,

And your leader to his master send!

The shock that Romans call him friend!

The Summer harvests all neglected ware,

Walls possessors through the country's name to see;

No thunder bolt nor hot Strenuous' breath, (4)

Can keep these terrors from the field of death!

Fate students have their gentle lives to sell,

And dark eyed women quench the burning shell, (5)

While Lopards, exiled from their native plain,

There'll award the sword for Liberty again!

Oh not alone the Dawn's aerial grace

Bequeathed by Art's apostle to his race, (6)

But the first rosy beams of Freedom's morn

By the invader's hands smoke were shorn!

When the guerrilla troop in bright array (7)

Tours through the gate their mauls may wear;

When the Triumvir, fears, pain and prouess, (8)

Resigned his trust to that despairing crowd,

And over brooks youths' youthful course made,

The modern Getha then furnished glaives displayed;

When through the breach in Rome's once sacred

Filled the battalions of the prejured Gaul, (9)

Oh, why did no celestial sign appear,

Like that which beamed when Constantine was

No sainted hero immortal bard

By Heaven armed, that sacrifice retard?

And when achieved, how like a funeral knell

Through outraged Rome indignant silence fell!

Desecrated balconies and streets strown!

Or swelled the captors with a voiceless scorn;

From that vain triumph Beatty's plauding eyes

Were turned, in anguish, to the tranquil skies;

That sudden hush to each invader's ear!

Marmured reproaches that he quailed to hear;

They stoned from every house that lined the way

Whose darkened casements hid the light of day.

From Tasso's convert, Raphael's burning home, (10)

The shattered corals and the riven dome,

From lonely shrines and famine-stricken mart,

And from the tort that covers Shadley's heart;

Ignoble triumph! History's faithful page

Records this shameful wonder of the age—

A prosperous Nation, Conquest's wreath to gain,

Bands her own forehead with the mark of Cain.

Hosts, with sword and flame, the showy decay

Of moldering frowns, arch and column gray;

Blasts the fair promise of Rome's second birth,

And stains with blood her consecrated earth!

ANX. 18. NEW YORK, April 17, 1847.—President.

NOTES.—1. Claude lived on the Pindian mount, and his estate was still a favorite residence of students of Art in Rome.

2. In the French Revolution, the same masters who informed every conceited youth degradation the impudent Queen, and the same to the nobility, who were the tools of the Tribunes from the violence of the mob.

3. A letter from Mr. Weston, the painter, which lately appeared in the "Daily Spy," states that a beautiful young Flora was killed by a shell, while in bed.

4. The same letter mentions the prevalence of thunderstorms in Sicily winds which enveloped nearly the whole of the island, as they fell. (See Miss Fahey's letter in the Tribune.)

5. General Aurora was much injured.

6. His troops.

7. The cossacks were shot when the French entered.

8. In Flora's house was contained in self-defense by the besieged.

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